

THE SPECTRAL CONDOR

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LV.

NEW YORK: WICKHAM & CO.,
No. 730 Broadway Street.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1875.

25 Cts. a Year, in Advance.
10 Cts. per Month, in Advance.

No. 14.

(PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE SPECTRAL CONDOR, AT WASHINGTON.)

THE SPECTRAL CONDOR!

A Story of the South Sea.

By CAPT. MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER I.

A CHASE.

In mid-ocean—the Pacific. The ships are within sight of one another, less than a league apart. Both are sailing before the wind, running dead down it with full canvas spread. Not a sign of side, but one in the wake of the other.

Is it a chase?
To all appearance it is; a probability strengthened by the relative size and character of the ships. One is a barque, polacca-masted, her masts raking back with the acute shark's fin set up to be characteristic of the pirate. The other is a ship, square-rigged and full-sized; a row of red, not painted, ports, with a gun grinning out of each, proclaiming her a man-of-war. She is one—a frigate, as any seaman would say, after giving her a glance, and any landman might name her nationality. The flag at her peak is one known all over the world. It is the "Union-jack" of England.

If it be a chase, she is the pursuer. Her colors might be accepted as surer of this, without regard to the relative position of the vessels, which show the frigate astern, the polacca leading.

The latter also carries a flag; of nationality not so easily determined. Still it is the ensign of a naval power, though one of little note. The five-pointed white star, solitary in a blue field, proclaims it the standard of Chili.

Why should an English frigate be chasing a Chilean barque? There is no war between Great Britain and Chili, the most prosperous of the South American republic. Instead, peace-treaties, with relations of the most amiable kind. Were the polacca flying a flag of blood-red, or black, with death's-head and cross-bones, the chase would be intelligible. But the bit of bunting at her mast-head shows nothing on its field either of menace or defiance. On the contrary, it appears to pity, and asks for aid. For it is an ensign reversed—in short, a signal of distress.

And yet the ship showing it is scudding before a stiff breeze, with all sail set, stays aloft, not a rope out of place! Strange this. Just the thought of every one aboard the man-of-war, from the captain commanding to the latest joined "lubber of a landman," a thought that has been in their minds ever since the chase commenced.

For it is a chase; that is, the frigate has sighted a sail, and stood towards it, this without changing course, as, when first sighted, the stranger, like herself, was running before the wind. If slowly, the frigate has been gradually forging nearer the pursued vessel, till at length the telescope tells her to be a barque—revealing also the ensign reversed.

Nothing strange in this, of itself; unfortunately, a sight so common at sea. But that a vessel displaying signals of distress should be carrying all sail, and running away, or attempting to run away, from another making to relieve her—above all, from a ship bearing the British flag—is strange. And just thus has the polacca been acting—still sailing on down the wind, without slackening her yards, or loosening her spread of canvas by a single inch. Certainly her behavior is unaccountable.

More than strange—it is mysterious. To this conclusion have they come on board the war-ship. And, naturally enough, for there is that which has haunted their thoughts with a tinge of superstition. In addition to what they see, they have something heard. Within the week they have spoken two vessels, both of which reported this same barque, or one answering her description: "Polacca-masted, all sail set, ensign reversed."

A British brig, which the frigate's boat had boarded, said: that such a craft had run across her bows so close, they could have thrown a rope to her; that at first no one was seen aboard, but on being hailed, two men made appearance, both springing up to the main-shrouds; thence answering the hail in a language altogether unintelligible, and with hoarse croaking voices that resembled the hawking of maniacal madmen!

It was late twilight, almost night, when this occurred; but the brig's people could make out the figures of the men, as they clung to the railings. And what surprised them equally with the odd speech, was that both appeared to be clothed in skin-dresses, covering

their bodies from head to foot! Seeing the signal of distress, the brig would have sent her boat aboard; but the barque gave no chance for this, keeping on without slackening sail, or showing any other sign of a wish to communicate.

Standing by itself, the tale of the brig's crew might have been taken for a sailor's yarn; and as they admitted it to be "almost night," the obscurity would account for the skin-dressing. But, coupled with the report of another vessel, which the frigate had since spoken—a whaler—it seemed to receive full corroboration. The words sent were: "Barque sighted, latitude 10.22 S., longitude 95 W., polacca-masted. All sail set. Ensign reversed. Chilean. Men seen on board covered with red hair, supposed skin-dresses. Tried to come up, but could not. Barque a fast sailer—went away down wind."

Already in receipt of such intelligence, it is no wonder that the frigate's crew feel something more than mere surprise at sight of a vessel corresponding to that about which these strange tales have been told. For they are now near enough the barque to see that she answers the description given: "Polacca-masted—all sail set—ensign reversed—Chilean."

And her behavior is as reported: sailing in no ship at all, but a phantom! her appealing signal, to all appearance endeavoring to shun them! Only now has the chase in reality commenced. Hitherto the frigate has been keeping her own course. But the signal of distress, just sighted through the telescope, has drawn her on; and with canvas crowded she steers straight for the polacca. The latter is unquestionably a fast sailer; but although too swift for the whaler, she is not a match for the man-of-war. Still she is no tub, and the chase is likely to be a long one.

As it continues, and the distance does not appear very much, or very rapidly diminishing, the frigate's crew begin to doubt whether the strange craft will ever be overtaken. On the fore-deck the tars stand in groups, mingled with marines, their eyes bent upon the retreating barque, gazing at the sail ahead. The muttered tones, many of the men with brows a-crown, for a fancy has sprung up around the fore-castle, that the chase is no ship at all, but a phantom!

This fancy is gradually growing into a belief; faster as they draw nearer, and with naked eyes note her correspondence with the reports of the spoken vessels. They have not yet seen the skin-clad men—if seen they be. More like, imagine some, they will prove to be spectral!

While on the quarter-deck there is no such superstitious fancy, a feeling of awe so intense agitates the minds of those assembled. The captain, surrounded by his officers, stands close in hand, gazing at the sail ahead. The frigate, though a fine vessel, is not one of the fastest sailers; also she might long ago have lapped upon the polacca. Still she has been gradually gaining, and is now less than a league astern. But the breeze has been also gradually declining, which is against her; and for the last half-hour she has barely preserved her distance from the barque.

To compensate for this, she runs out studding-sails on all her yards, even to the royal, and again makes an effort to bring the chase to a termination. But again is this disappointed.

"To no purpose now," says her commander, as he sees his last sail set. Then, adding, as he casts a glance at the sky, sternward: "The wind's going down. In ten minutes more we'll be becalmed." These around need not be told this. The youngest tender there, looking at sky and sea, can forecast the calm.

In five minutes after, the frigate's sails are flapping against the masts, and her flag hangs half-dead. The captain predicted, the huge war-ship, despite her extended canvas, lies motionless on the sea.

CHAPTER II.

A CALL FOR BOARDERS.

The frigate is becalmed—what of the barque? Has she been similarly checked in her course? The question is asked by all on board the war-ship, each seek-



THE WORK WEDDING-RING.—(See poem fourth page.)

ing the answer for himself. For all are earnestly gazing at the strange sail, regardless of their own condition.

Forward, the superstitious thought has become intensified into something like fear. A calm coming on so suddenly, just when they had hopes of overtaking the chased vessel—what could that mean? Old sailors shake their heads, refusing to make answer; while young ones, less cautious of speech, boldly pronounce the polacca a specter! The legends of the Phantom Ship and Flying Dutchman are in their thoughts, and on their lips, as they stand straining their eyes after the still receding vessel; for beyond doubt does she sail on with waves rippling around her!

"As I told ye, mate," remarks an old tar, "we'd never catch up with that craft—not if we stood after her till doomsday. And doomsday it might be for us, if we did."

"I hope she'll keep on, and leave us a good spell behind," rejoins a second. "It was a foolish thing followin' her; and, for my part, I'll be glad if we never get caught up with her."

"You need have no fear about that," says the first speaker. "Just look! She's making way yet! I believe she can sail as well without wind as with it."

Scarcely are the words spoken, when, as if to contradict them, the sails of the chased vessel commence clapping against her masts, while her flag falls folded, and is no longer distinguishable as a signal of distress, or ought else. The breeze that failed the frigate, is now also dead around the barque, which, in like manner, has been caught in the calm.

"What do you make her out, Mr. Black?" asks the frigate's captain of his first, as the two stand looking through their leveled glasses.

"Not anything, sir," replies the lieutenant, "except that she should be Chilean from her colors. I can't see a soul aboard of her. Ah! yonder something shows over the taffrail. Looks like a man's head. It is ducked suddenly."

Short silence succeeds, the commanding officer, backed by his binoculars, endeavoring to catch sight of the

thing seen by his subordinate. It does not show again.

"Odd," says the captain, resuming speech—"a ship running up signals of distress, at the same time refusing to be relieved! Very odd! But it, gentlemen?" he asks, addressing himself to the group of officers now gathered around.

Unanimous assent to his interrogatory.

"There must be something amiss," he continues. "Can any of you think what it is?"

To this there is a negative response. Lieutenants and midshipmen seem all as puzzled as himself, mystified by the strange barque, and more by her strange behavior.

There are two who have thoughts different from the rest, the third lieutenant, and one of the midshipmen. Less thoughts than imaginings, and these so vague, that neither communicates them to the captain nor to one another. And whatever their fancies, they do not appear pleasant ones, since on the face of both is an expression of something like anxiety. Slight, and scarcely observable, it is noticed by their comrades standing around. It seems to deepen while they continue to gaze at the becalmed barque, as though due to something seen there. Still they remain silent, keeping the dark thought, if such it be, to themselves.

"Well, gentlemen," says the commanding officer to his assembled subordinates, "I must say this is singular. In all my experience at sea I don't remember anything like it. What trick the Chilean barque—if she be Chilean—is up to, I can't guess, not for the life of me. It cannot be a case of piracy. The craft has no guns, and, if she had, she appears without men to handle them. It's a riddle all round; to get the reading of it we'll have to send a boat to her."

"I don't think we'll get a very willing crew, sir," says the first lieutenant, suggestively. "Forward they're quite superstitious about the character of the chase. Some of them fancy her the Flying Dutchman. When the boatmen pipes for boarders, they'll very likely

feel as if his whistle were a signal for them to walk the plank."

The remark causes the captain to smile, as the other officers, though two of the latter abstain from this exhibition of merriment. These are the third lieutenant and midshipman already mentioned, on both of whose brows the cloud still sits, seeming darker than ever.

"I'm 't strange," continues the commander, musingly, "that your genuine British tar, who will board an enemy's ship, crawling across the masts of a shot-taken gun—who has no fear of death in human shape—will act like a scared child when it threatens him in the guise of his native majesty? I have no doubt, as you say, Mr. Black, that those fellows by the fore-castle are a bit shy about boarding this strange vessel. But let me show you how to send their shyness adrift. I shall do that with a single word!"

The captain steps forward, his subordinates following him. When within speaking distance of the fore-deck, he stops, and makes sign that he has something to say. The tars are all attention.

"My lads," he exclaims, "you see that vessel we've been chasing, and at her mast-head a flag reversed—which you know to be a signal of distress. That is a call never to be disregarded by an English ship, much less an English man-of-war. Lieutenant, order the boat to be lowered, and let the boatswain pipe for boarders. Only volunteers will be taken. Those who wish to go will muster on the main-deck, and take the oars."

A loud hurrah responds to the appeal, and, while its echoes are still resounding through the ship, the whole crew comes crowding toward the main-deck. Scores of volunteers present themselves, enough to man every boat aboard.

"Now, gentlemen," says the captain, turning to his officers with a proud expression on his countenance, "there's the British sailor for you. I've said he fears not man. And, when humanity makes call, as you see, neither is he frightened at a fancied ghost."

A second cheer succeeds the speech, mingled with good-humored remarks, though not any loud laughter. The sailors give the command to shove off. The commanding officer has paid them, at the same time feeling that the moment is too solemn for merriment, for their instant of humanity is yet under control of the weird feeling. As the captain turns aft to the quarter, many of them fall away toward the fore-deck, till the group of volunteers for boarding has got greatly diminished. Still are there enough to man the largest boat in the ship.

"What boat is it to be, sir?" This question is asked by the first lieutenant, as he follows the captain aft.

"The cutter," answers his superior, adding: "Think, Mr. Black, there's no necessity for sending any other. The cutter's crew will be sufficient. As to any hostility from those on board the stranger, that is absurd. We could blow them out of the water with a single broadside."

"Who's to command the cutter, sir?" The captain reflects, with a look sent inquiringly around him. His eye falls upon the third lieutenant, who stands near, seemingly courting the glance. It is short and decisive. The captain knows his third officer to be a thorough seaman, though young, capable of any duty, however delicate or dangerous. Without further hesitation, he assigns him to the command of the boarders.

The young officer enters upon the service with alacrity—something more than the mere obedience due to discipline. He hurries to the cutter, and, standing now at the bow, now at the stern, he expects every moment to see the sink beneath the sea, and the other sail off, or melt into invisibility.

On the quarter speculation is equally rife, though running in a different channel. There the captain still stands surrounded by his officers, such as give to his eye leveled upon the strange craft. But they see nothing to give them a clue to her character, only the loose spread of sails, and the furled flag of distress. They continue gazing till the cutter is close to the barque's beam. Now yet can they observe any head above the bulwarks, or face peering through the shrouds. The faces of the gun-crews have crept aft among the officers. They, too, begin to feel something of superstitious fear—an awe of the unknown!

have no objection." Then, after taking a survey of the youngster, he adds: "Why do you want it?"

The youth blinks, without replying. There is a cast upon his countenance that strikes the questioner, somewhat puzzling him. But there is no time for either inquiry or reflection. The cutter is already lowered, and rests upon the water. Her crew is crowding into her, and she will soon be shoved off from the ship.

"You can go, lad," assents the captain. "Report yourself to the third lieutenant, and tell him I've given you leave. You're young, and, like all youngsters, ambitious of gaining glory. Well, in this affair you won't have much chance, I take it. It's simply boarding a ship in distress, where you'll be more likely to be a spectator of scenes of suffering. However, that will be a lesson for you, and, therefore, you may go."

Thus authorized, the young reader glides away from the quarter-deck, drops down into the boat, and takes his seat alongside the lieutenant, already there.

The two ships still lie becalmed in the same relative position to one another, having changed places it seems a cable's length, and stem to stern, just as the last breath of the breeze, blown gently against their sails, forced them.

On both the canvas is still spread, though not belled. It hangs limp and loose, giving an occasional flap, so feeble, as to show that it proceeds, not from any stir in the air, but the mere balance of motion of the vessels, for there is not even a breeze blowing to float the long feathers in the tail of the tropic bird seen soaring aloft.

Both ships are motionless, their forms reflected in the water, so that each has its counterpart kept to keel.

Between them the sea is as smooth as a mirror—that tranquil calm which has given to the Pacific its distinctive appellation. It is now to be disturbed, however, by the bow of the cutter, with her strokes of oars, five on each side. Almost as soon as down from the davits, her crew seated on the thwarts, and her oarsmen at the oars, the cutter is off. Parting from the frigate's beam, the boat is steered straight for the becalmed barque.

On board the man-of-war all stand watching her, their eyes at intervals directed towards the strange vessel. From the frigate's forward deck the men have an unobstructed view, especially those clustering around the head. Still there is nearly a league between, and with the naked eye this hinders minute observation. They can but see the white-spread sails, and the black hull underneath them. With a glance the flag, now fallen, is just distinguishable from the mast, along which it clings closely. They can perceive that its color is crimson above, with blue and white underneath—the reversed order of the Chilean ensign. Its single star is no longer visible, nor sight of its heraldry, that spoke so appealingly.

But if the sight fails to furnish them with details, there are ample supplied by their excited imaginations. Some of them see men aboard the barque—scores, hundreds! After all she may be a pirate, and the up-side-down ensign a decoy. On a tack she may be a craftier sailer than she has shown herself before the wind, and, knowing this, has been but playing with the frigate. If so, God help the cutter's crew!

Besides these conjectures of the common kind, there are those on the frigate's fore-deck who, in truth, fancy the polacca a specter. As they continue gazing, now at the bow, now at the stern, they expect every moment to see the sink beneath the sea, and the other sail off, or melt into invisibility.

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"Well, yes," responds the chief, "I



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Had man remained the happy possessor of a thousand dollars, his flow and temperate wants would doubtless have been supplied by the spontaneous yield of productive earth; but when, in the moral law of the nation, dignities are given to happiness, a part of his being, and to these were added the care and sorrow of our mortal state, it was a kind and benevolent appointment that labor, henceforth, should become his heritage, and that in the sweat of his brow should find a sweet relief from sorrow of heart.

Thorns and briars, it is true, spring in his path; but patient industry weaves them into a cover of rejoicing, and they become, by divine appointment, administering angels. His body, liable to disease and death, is thereby strengthened and beautified; and his mind, which would otherwise prey upon itself, is educated to a rigorous and giant thing—a blessing to himself and all within his reach. It is true that toil, continued day after day, year after year, becomes a drudgery; but the degree of earnest activity which is the prime requisite of success to every good man, is an added blessing to his condition.

There is a law of compensation written upon work which, of itself, repays and multiplies the mind. It is the initial of true greatness, the passport to all success. What differs more than the mind of the native student and the low level of thought of the savage, who cannot number five? And whence this difference? Both are men endowed with the powers of a reasonable mind; but industry has opened before one a world of light, and clothed him in the armor of a chryseis of darkness. As if to put a nobility upon labor, Providence has ordained that the master minds of the world shall generally work the hardest.

Genesis is revealed in the world's account, as the simile which shall turn gold, rendering effort needless. Now it is as simple as the greatest geniuses have had to dig through years of obscure suffering, often repaid for the production which now graces the walls of palaces, by the poor craft which enabled them to tell on the morrow. Whatever the web and warp of the mind may be; whether Providence has given one talent or ten, industry still enters as the connecting link between merit and success. Effort is the golden dust that grimes ships from off their rough sea, making it available to itself and others. The man who dares to work is greater than he who dares to fight; for the leader is helpless without his troops, but the worker is a host in himself; he masters circumstances and triumphs over defeat. Heaven has promised to bless one thing only in the material, as in the spiritual world; and that is effort. With energy the earth obeys man as a willing captive; without it, it holds over him as an oppressive tyrant, and whatever added circumstances of happiness may be his, peace can never enter save into a head and heart made weary by work.

BARE COIN.

All money derives its value from its parity or genuine character. The absolute necessity of a commercial medium, and its great value, present great temptation to the dishonest to make and pass spurious imitations of the standard issue. But as this impairs confidence and endangers trade, besides being a fraud, the law has attached a heavy punishment to the crime of counterfeiting and one that meets the approval of every honest man. Strange to say, however, there is another species of the same offense that honest men often sanction, and are sometimes guilty of themselves; that is, coining and passing spurious words—slang. The purity of our language, as a medium of conveying our thoughts, should be as jealously guarded as the purity of our currency, as a medium of conveying our property. We protest from our fathers a language pure, unadorned, and strong; and we are in a fair way of leaving it to our children corrupted, uncertain, and weak. This is a serious question, as there is no truth more certain than that a people's character is mirrored in their language.

Our words have a reflex action on our

ideas, and even though the latter be pure, yet a base mode of expression will constantly reflect on the contentment of use of pure, correct language will tend to purify an unclean mind. Words are, as it were, mental clothes. Surely a dirty beggar, well washed and dressed in clean attire for some time, will begin to feel as if he were a rogue; while a gentleman, dressed in rags and soiled with filth as long a time, will fast lose his democracy. Clean water in a dirty conduit becomes unclean; but dirty water in a clean conduit will deposit some of its impurity.

It may be said that every word has a character—no identity—and these are good tests of its respectability. A rough language is as easily recognized when heard, as his clothes are when seen; while the neatness of a gentleman's dress is repeated in his language.

THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; oh, summer not a few, since I put it on your finger first, have I not seen you change? Have you not grown older? Have you not grown wiser? Since you became my own dear wife, when did this ring wear thin?

Oh, bring on that happy day, the happiest of my life, when I shall be able to say: When, then, did you, my dear, wear that ring? Your heart will say to me: "I know! That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new."

How will I remember now your young sweet face the day you gave me this ring? How late you were, how dear you were, my dear, when you gave me this ring? Nor did I do you more than now, when this old ring was new?

A HALLOW EEN LEGEND.

BY GEORGE GREY.

Again the simply revolting circle of the seasons brings Halloween around, a name suggestive of mischief and jollity, of young love's dreams, and wild boy's mischievous pranks. As in the Church of Rome, the Carnival, with its gayeties and merriment, and splendid pageants, precedes the solemn services of Lent; so does Halloween, with its peculiar festivities, precede two days set apart by the Episcopal and Roman Churches for special religious observance. All Saints' Day destined to keep before the minds of the faithful, the mystical communion of the Church on earth with the saints of departed glory, and All Souls' Day, following immediately after, that devout Catholics devote to offering prayers and supplications for the souls of departed friends. Before these days comes merry Halloween, when the old cry to feel young again, and the young, with the impatience of youth, try to lift the curtain which veils the future and the unknown, and, with the future, on this night, if ever, witches, brownies, elves, and fairy god mothers inhabit the air; or walk the earth. Thus, while the child of fancy, with his bollocks, and takes gates off their hinges, we see the eager-eyed maiden bending before the altar of the unknown, and placing between the two wits whose particular gratifications are to be a key to her future life, and think, involuntarily, of the old adage: "The devil knows best."

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her husband, whom, if she strictly obeys, she may be permitted a glimpse of her future husband, if not with her waking eyes, at least in her dreams.

One of the merry group of girls, Agnes Curtis, we will call her, having perceived the faint glimmering light from the window, she turned to her door, and commenced the difficult task of disrobing backwards.

"Agnes, shall I name the corners for you?" cried a voice from without, in that mysterious girl language even then in vogue; but Agnes answered never a word to break the charmed silence of her self-imposed Trappist.

With a frightened smile on her lovely face—I know that she was beautiful because I have often seen her portrait in the quaint old-fashioned drama of the period—Agnes approached the mirror, walking backwards, and with one hand drew out the comb that held the shining tresses of her hair, and the other, her white shoulders in all its graceful profusion, while with the other she raised the candle and glanced over her left shoulder at the glass.

It is real, or does she only imagine that she sees a figure beside her own? The young girl starts, turns away, and then, when she is alone, she looks into the mirror the face of a tall, slender, and pale woman dressed in the fashion of the time, her face but half seen as it is averted, the back of her head plainly visible, with its long tresses of hair, and with a piece of blue ribbon wound into a full bow. It is real then; Agnes shudders, hides her face for a moment, and, womanlike, looks again; and this time the face of the picture is faint and shadowy.

While she gazes spell-bound it vanishes away, the queen disappearing last of all, the face of the picture of the picture is faint and shadowy.

At first the young girl trembles and feels like calling one of her friends to her aid; but she is alone. The room is empty, and after that there was nothing particularly alarming in the young man's appearance, she determines to brave the terrors of the night, and, taking care first to examine the bolts of the windows and door, and looking under every piece of furniture in the room, large or small, to be sure that no job was being played on her credulity, Agnes, after putting out the candle over her left shoulder, lies down to think for a long time of the apparition in small clothes, and finally to sleep.

A few weeks later, Agnes Curtis stood the centre of attraction in Mrs. M.'s brilliantly lighted room, at an evening party. She was the guest of honor, and with her was just being danced the graceful and stately dances of the period, the music to speak to another of the guests, she suddenly riveted upon the figure of a gentleman crossing the room with a cup of coffee in his hand, which he had just taken from a tray. Something strangely familiar in his form and features struck Agnes at once, and as he advanced, and with a smile and courtesy bow, handed her the cup of coffee, the color flushed her cheeks, and she trembled so violently that she almost dropped the cup upon the floor.

The stranger could not have been in the room for a moment, for the girl, which was indeed evident to all around her, as he looked perplexed, took the cup hastily from her, and turned to go. He was a tall, slender, and pale man, with a face that was familiar to her, and with a long queue on the back of his head which was a low bow of ribbon.

A live cry escaped her at this fresh revelation, and she murmured quite audibly:

"The gentleman in the glass! I saw him on Halloween!"

"Fascinating, my young lady; you could not have seen me there," said the stranger, courteously, "for on that particular evening I was on board the Columbia on my way home from England. I must have been in London for some time, so unaccountably, when I saw you on the other side of the room. I felt sure that you were an old friend, and hastened to meet you."

"And," replied Agnes, coloring rosy red, "beg your pardon—"

But here the explanation, which might have been very satisfactory to both, was interrupted by the hostess of the evening, who stepped forward, and introducing the two strangers, who seemed to have known each other in some other place, begged them to take their places and join in the dance in which she and her guests were about to engage.

The acquaintance, formed under such peculiar circumstances, ripened into a friendship, not Platonic, of which a happy marriage was the result.

Children and grandchildren have since been born of this mother's and father's courtship; and to our day, while a portrait of a beautiful lady, with low brows, graceful swan-like neck, and high ruffled and puffed hair, smiles at us from the wall, and tells us of the past, the present generation is proud to give authenticity to my story, and encouragement to all those who, on Halloween Eve, would fain track that old dame, supposed to keep the destinies of all lovers, out of her weighty secrets.

UNITED STATES INTERNAL REVENUE.
COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, 1ST DIST. ILL.
Chicago, September 29th, 1913.

Messrs. REED, WICKHAM & CO.,
Gentlemen: Enclosed find three dollars for my Fifty-First year's subscription to the SATURDAY EVENING POST. I have taken the Post since August 1824, when I was a boy of ten years of age in Philadelphia, where I was born in 1808.

What most interested me in it at first was the publication of "Carter's Letters from Europe," which gave me a great relief for coming letters. The general make-up of the paper has varied very much in the fifty-one years I have read it; but I have always had confidence in the editor's judgment, and I was glad in introducing it into my family of eight daughters and two sons; and I think it was never better nor more interesting than now.

CHARLES DUFFIELD.

OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

BY J. S. INGRAM.

Some years ago we paid a visit to a royal observatory in England, and, having the good fortune to be previously acquainted with the assistant astronomer in charge, he took particular pains in showing us the wonderful instrumental appliances and contrivances for obtaining, with mathematical exactness, the facts and data of his science—a science which is one of the sublime and most awe-inspiring that can engage the human mind.

We are not going into a lengthy account of the various instruments in an observatory, and their uses, for all this information can be easily obtained elsewhere. Our special object now is to relate a curious and striking incident which occurred during our visit, involving moral lessons which we have often remembered with advantage in after life.

In the course of our inspection, our friend, the assistant astronomer, pointed out to us a certain instrument which he called a mural circle, designed to observe the transit of stars across the meridian, and to mark the angular distance of each of the stars then crossing from the pole of the heavens.

"You observe," he said, "the large size of the instrument. It is a telescope, some feet in length, and you perceive a double wheel of wide circumference and of heavy spokes. One wheel is fixed, and the other, you see, is movable with the instrument, and while the former is firmly supported in the plane of the meridian, on a long and powerful axis, which is inserted deeply into this great column of stone, from whence is derived the name of the instrument, 'mural' (i.e., wall) circle, it is of the greatest moment that this instrument should be steady; even the slightest vibration would vitiate observations, and render it useless. To secure steadiness, therefore, this column of stone, or rather of marble, is of the most massive construction. It rises as you perceive, about seven feet from the floor, is sunk several feet into the earth, and the whole structure—column, circles, and telescope—weigh together some one hundred and twenty tons."

"You see that vessel there," he said, while pointing to it.

"It was a large cup of mercury, resting on a brass stand, which had been placed like the axis of the mural circle, into the marble column."

"You observe," he continued, "the sheet of water which is upon the bright surface of the mercury."

"Yes," we replied; "and it is very distinct, for the sun is clearly shining, and it is so much the more remarkable for its purpose." "I observed," he said, "I proceeded, 'keep your eye fixed upon the shadow of the window-shade, while I give a gentle blow to the marble column.'"

"We did as directed, and, while gazing intently upon the shadow-mark, our friend, with his hand, gave such a blow to the great marble column as to give to their playmates, and to our amazement, the shadow on the cup of mercury began on the instant to move and tremble."

"You said," he said, "the effect of that little concussion. It has stirred and agitated the whole one hundred and twenty tons of solid stone, and the effect," he said, "is so much the more remarkable for its purpose." "I observed," he said, "I proceeded, 'keep your eye fixed upon the shadow of the window-shade, while I give a gentle blow to the marble column.'"

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larger attendance than any other place. Moreover, the party that holds the national convention in Philadelphia next year, at the height of the excitement the Exhibition will generate and in the midst of the enthusiasm it will naturally call forth, will invest itself and its nominal character, which will give them a powerful impetus and element of popularity. Other things being equal, the Centennial ticket will have a decided advantage over other tickets, and will have the current of national feeling in its favor.

This makes it especially important that the ticket should be launched in the right place. Philadelphia is the one place in the Union where the Centennial nominations should be made. The holding of both conventions in that city will invest both with a national character and add greatly to the success of the Exhibition. It would be a fine thing if Congress would adjourn from Washington to assemble in Independence Hall on the morning of the Festival of July, and listen to the reading of the immortal Declaration within its time-honored walls. It would make a memorable occasion, and a fitting celebration of the most memorable occasion in our history. It would also add very greatly to the interest of the Centennial, if the Legislature were to send a delegation to visit the Exhibition in a body, thus investing their going with the dignity and importance of an official act. At least some feet in length, and you perceive a double wheel of wide circumference and of heavy spokes. One wheel is fixed, and the other, you see, is movable with the instrument, and while the former is firmly supported in the plane of the meridian, on a long and powerful axis, which is inserted deeply into this great column of stone, from whence is derived the name of the instrument, 'mural' (i.e., wall) circle, it is of the greatest moment that this instrument should be steady; even the slightest vibration would vitiate observations, and render it useless. To secure steadiness, therefore, this column of stone, or rather of marble, is of the most massive construction. It rises as you perceive, about seven feet from the floor, is sunk several feet into the earth, and the whole structure—column, circles, and telescope—weigh together some one hundred and twenty tons."

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PERSONALITIES.

THE mother of little Mabel Young, who was killed in the beefery of the Warren Avenue Baptist Church in Boston, has lost her reason, and is the inmate of a private insane asylum.

HON. M. L. LOFTY, of Erie, Pa., has given a mansion and grounds in that city valued at fifteen thousand dollars to the Society for a Home for the Friendless, and offers to pay the expenses for the necessary improvements.

FREDERICK H. TROT, now in his seventy-second year, has worked steadily at the printing business since 1821—fifty-four years. Forty years of that time he has been employed in one office—that of the *Vollers*, in Lancaster.

VON BARNER, the sculptor of the Hermon monument, has been granted a pension of two thousand marks by the Emperor William, half of the amount to be enjoyed by his wife in case she outlives him.

It is said that Miss Julia Matthews, a pretty English actress who does the *Grand Duchess* in the "Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" so admirably, has captivated the bachelor affections of Mr. Whitehead, the handsome, flowery editor of the *Irishman*.

CAPT. RICHARD KING, the Texas "Cattle King," has been visiting at Harrodsburg, Ky. At his ranch in Texas, Capt. King has a field of sixty thousand acres within one fence. He recently filed an order by telegraph for twenty-six thousand horses.

A REMARKABLE clock and a pair of mantel ornaments made of nickel and gold, and elaborately chased, have been prepared for presentation to ex-Treasurer Spitzer by the employees in the Treasurer's office. The articles were purchased at a cost of five thousand dollars, and are now on exhibition at the Department.

THE august and ancient tribunal, the Court of Queen's Bench, has passed away, after an existence of a thousand years. The Court sat on September 6th, for the last time, in all probability, though it is technically not due to exist until November. To Sir Alexander Cockburn belongs the distinction of being the last Lord Chief Justice of England.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN lived and died a bachelor. The popular author would have married, "said, but knowing himself to be adored by several hundreds of women, each of whom would have broken his heart, he never married to any one but himself, he made up his mind not to inflict such a misfortune, and remained single from no other cause."

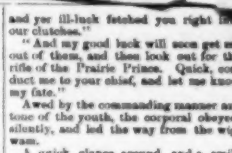
CHARLES BIANCONI, an Italian, who was the first person to establish a regular system of public cars in the south of Ireland, died in Dublin on the 19th inst. His enterprise yielded Mr. Bianconi a large fortune, and for many years he was in the enjoyment of a fine estate in Tipperary, and leading the life of a liberal Irish landlord. He was in his ninety-first year, and preserved his mental faculties almost unimpaired to the end. Mr. Bianconi was a warm friend of O'Connell, and took an active part in the great agitation of repeal movement.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

THE Province of Tucuman, in South America, intends to astonish the world at the great Exhibition in Philadelphia next year with a giant potato weighing fifteen pounds.

A FINE lake, about a quarter of a mile in length, will be north of Machinery Hall. Boats will ply up and down the amusement of visitors, and form a pleasant feature of the tour around the grounds. The sight from here will be truly magnificent. The number of the buildings grouped together, and the swaying crowd, including representatives from every clime, under the trees, and the many flags, and the many people, will form a picturesque and patriotic scene which we may look upon with pride.

CALIFORNIA has transplanted and shipped, in seven boxes, the famous grape-vine of Santa Barbara, near



"Has the Boy Chief raised the tomahawk against his own people?"

"I have raised the tomahawk against those who murdered my father, chief, and I'll not rest until I hang their scalps to my belt. Black Wolf, do you know who killed my father?"

"Let the Boy Chief come now to the canyon with the Black Wolf, and there he shall know."

"Mount behind me, then; but tell me

"It is the gallant youth who saved me from an awful fate, father," indignantly

1

"At the but of the Black Wolf, where did you capture him?"

"At the hut of the Black Wolf, where I was hunting for a deer, I came upon him, but the devil's cab stood at the foot of his last home."

"What is Sergeant Howard doing?"

"Dudley Haslam, springing to his feet."

"Dead as the devil, yer honor; yer no air, we was in the boy, and he showed the sergeant, and attempted to run, but he was shot down and tied, although he fought like a tiger, etc."

"Another murder, added to your list of crimes, do you know that you must die for your crimes?" savagely said Major Innes.

"Yes, when are capable of an enormity, Dudley Haslam! but I do not believe a just God will let me die who has made me the instrument of bringing you to punishment."

"You are a liar," the attorney was correct, you are none other than the assassin, but, never mind — to-morrow's shall fall on your grave."

"You will fill the place of Sergeant Howard, holding his rank. Remove the prisoner at once to the lock-up, and see that he is kept there until he has time to suffer for it—and send my adjutant to me."

"Yes, sir, and it would thank you very kindly," said the sergeant, who had just been promoted and newly promoted sergeant.

"See that you deserve it, now be off and after putting the prisoner in the lock-up, see that the documents for the honor of Sergeant Howard."

Quickly the sergeant marshaled his prisoner away, but not until a look of loss and regret was stamped on his face. From the Dalry Racine to the barracks, the two party moved off, Major Racine and a grilly.

"Saying, I do not wish to again see you. I wish that my actions must be taken care of. Younder boy. It is true, I shared your life but it is an ordinary course on the border to men, life, and the death of a soldier is a common occurrence the severest punishment for having taken the life of two troopers to other day, but now shot down and

"He merely protected himself, sir," shouting the sergeant, and doubtless had more good reasons regarding the matter.

"Girl, do you hear me? go to your room and let me hear no more of this!"

Daisy arose and walked quickly toward the door. As she reached the door young officers approached, and upon their faces a shadow fell when she observed the departure of the maiden.

"What is the matter, sir?" one of them, having you order out a squad for the execution of a prisoner at sunrise in the morning."

"No matter, majord, and who is the prisoner?"

"The boy who is known as the Prince of Primos, and who three nights ago killed the king."

"So a scout reported, sir? but you can of course order a court martial to him?"

"No, sir, I am judge and jury in this affair, Adjutant Denlow, and that is a dangerous fellow, and only half an hour ago shot down Sergeant Howland."

"Is he now a prisoner, and how can we be sure of his guilt?"

[illegible]

been placed in the same high prison as the Indian maidens.

At once between the two had sprung up an acquaintance, for once he saw Frazer Prince had seen the maiden, he knew her as the daughter of the Red Wolf.

In the Comanche tongue they conversed together, and Bear Kyles learned of him her father had escaped, and that the youth had returned to the warm, by the river, to communicate to the Indian maidens, and let her know that her father was near, by his chief did not know that his daughter was a prisoner.

Fearing an ambush, the youth urged Black Wolf to let him first enter the cabin, for he did not know the

